

# The Musical World.

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UNDER THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
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his Enterprise and in the Education of the Youths of this country to visit his  
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Four, p.m. Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 23rd, 1860.

MR. SIMS REEVES' RENEFIT.

The Programme will be selected from the works of  
VARIOUS MASTERS.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

POSTHUMOUS QUARTET, in F Major, No. 17 .. ..	Beethoven.
M. Saindon, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.	
SONG, "Night" .. .. .	Mendelssohn.
Madame Saindon Dolby.	
SONG, "Deeper and deeper still" .. .. .	Handel.
Mr. Sims Reeves.	
SONG, "Frühlingslied" .. .. .	Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Sims Reeves.	
SONG, "Adelaide" .. .. .	Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.	
SONATA, in F Major .. .. .	Mozart.
Miss Arabella Goddard.	

#### PART II.

SONATA, in G Major, Pianoforte and Violin .. ..	Dussek.
Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Saindon.	
SONG, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep? (Cenci)" .. ..	J. W. Davison.
Madame Saindon Dolby.	
SONG, "Dalla sua pace" .. .. .	Mozart.
Mr. Sims Reeves.	
DUET, "Pray leave me but a moment" .. .. .	Spohr.
Mrs. Sims Reeves and Madame Saindon Dolby.	
SONG, "The Stolen Kiss" .. .. .	Beethoven.
Mr. Sims Reeves.	
QUARTET, in E flat, No. 4 .. .. .	Bossini.
M. Saindon, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti.	

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.—Tickets to be had of  
Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addi-  
son, and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, Carter, and Oetzmann, and  
Co., Regent-street; Brooks, 24, Old Cavendish-street; Bradbury's London Crystal  
Palace, Oxford-street; Duff and Co., 65, Oxford-street; Prowse, Hanway-street;  
Childley, 185, High Holborn; Purday, 50, St. Paul's Church-yard; Keith,  
Frowe, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Turner, 19, Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6,  
Finsbury-place, south; Humphreys, 4, Old Church street, Paddington-green;  
Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olivier, Campbell, and Willis, Bond-street; and Chappell  
and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

## ORCHESTRAL UNION.—MR. ALFRED MELLON

begs to announce that he will return to London about the middle of June,  
when he will be open to any engagements for the Band of the Orchestral Union,  
which he has reconstructed. Principal Artists.—M. M. Saindon, H. Hill, W.  
Watson, E. Payton, Doyle, Trust, G. Collins, Aylward, Howell senr., White, P. S.  
Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, T. Owen, Hauser, C. Harper, Stouden, T. Harper,  
Stanton Jones, W. Winterbottom, Clöff, Hughes, and F. C. Horton. Applications  
respecting engagements to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Man-  
chester-square, W.

## THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The Third

CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening, April 25th, at St. James's Hall.  
Programme—First Part:—Overture, the Isles of Fingal, Mendelssohn Bartholdy;  
Air, Jours de mon enfance (Tré aux Clercs), Miss Augusta Thompson, Herold;  
Symphony concertante, for two pianofortes and orchestra, Mr. Charles Salaman  
and Mr. Lindsay Elopier, Dussek; Scena, (M.S.), Mr. Santley, Benedict; Overture,  
(Lurline), Wallace. Second Part:—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven; Duo, Di qual  
città sei tu (L'Etoile du Nord), Miss Augusta Thompson and Mr. Santley, Meyer-  
beer; Overture (Gustave), Auber. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.  
CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**—Friday, May 4th.—Tickets for **THE GREAT FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE OF ELIJAH**, on the occasion of the Inauguration of the Bronze Memorial Statue of Mendelssohn, are now on sale at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or, by order, of the usual Agents.

Admission tickets, 5s. (if purchased before 1st May); Reserved stalls in blocks, 1s. as arranged at the Handel Festival, in the area, 5s. extra; or in the corner galleries, 10s. 6d. extra.

The new Season Tickets will admit, subject to the usual regulations.

**NOTICE**.—Immediate application is requisite for Central Blocks. Post Office Orders or Cheques to be payable to George Grove.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—June 25th, 26th, and 28th, **GREAT ORPHEONISTE MUSICAL FESTIVAL**.

Vouchers for tickets for this great combination of the French Choral Societies, comprising reputations from nearly every Department of France, representing 170 distinct Choral Societies, and numbering between Three and Four thousand performers, who will visit England expressly to hold a Great Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace on the above days, are now on issue at the Crystal Palace; at No. 2, Exeter Hall; or by order of the usual agents.

The prices of admission will be as follows:—The set of Transferable tickets (one admission to each of the 3 days) 12s. 6d.; Reserved seats (for the 3 days) 12s. 6d. extra; or in the corner galleries, 25s. extra.

The new Season Tickets will admit on the above occasion, subject to the usual regulations.

**HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS**.—**MR. MELCHIOR**

**WINTER** (tenor), and **MR. BENJAMIN WELLS** (bassist), beg to announce that their **GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT**, will take place at the above rooms on the 28th of May, (Whit Monday.) Full particulars will shortly be published.—17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

**MR. MELCHIOR WINTER** will sing at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 17th instant; Chatham, 23rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 25th; Romford, May 3rd; Hanover-square Rooms, 28th. Address, 17, St. James's-square, Notting-hill, W.

**MISS LOUISA VAN NOORDEN** and **MR. P. E. VAN NOORDEN'S ANNUAL CONCERT** at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Thursday evening, April 26th, 1860, commence at 8 o'clock. Artists already engaged: Madlle. Parepa, Miss M. Van Noorden, Mr. Santley, Signor Luigi. Conductors: Messrs. Francesco Berger and P. E. Van Noorden. Stalls numbered, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved seats, 2s. To be had at Mr. Van Noorden's residence, 115, Great Russell-street, Bedford-square; of the principal west-end music-sellers, and of Messrs. Keith and Prowse, Chancery-lane, City.

**MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS** begs to inform his friends and the public, that his Annual Grand Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, April the 25th, when the most eminent artists will appear.

**MEYERBEER'S DINORAH AND STERNDAL**  
**BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN**, are sung nightly at the **CANTERBURY HALL CONCERTS**. Comic vocalists—Messrs. George Hodson (the Irish comedian and mimic), W. J. Critchfield and E. W. Mackney. Several interesting pictures are added to the Fine Arts Gallery. The suite of Halls have been re-decorated and beautified, and constitute one of the most unique and brilliant sights of the metropolis.

**MISS MARGARET McALPINE** (Contralto), requests that letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Pupils, be addressed to her residence, 63, Burton-crescent, New-road.

**MR. TENNANT** has returned to town. All communications respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 23, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

**MRS. TENNANT** (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 23, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

**MR. WALLWORTH'S** engagement with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company being terminated, he is now at liberty for concerts, pupils, &c.—30, Edwardes-street, Portman-square, W.

**MADAME BORCHARDT** having returned to Town from her Operatic Tour with Madlle. Piccolomini, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, &c., for the season. Address to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

**MR. PATEY** begs to announce that he has returned to Town, and will be open to accept engagements for Oratorios or Concerts on and after the 16th inst. All communications to be addressed to 9, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park.

**"THE ARION"** (Eight-Part-Choir).—The members of this Society will meet until further notice every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 13, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Conductor, **Mr. ALFRED GILBERT**.

F. F. REILLY, Hon. Sec.

Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

**MISS ELLEN LYON**, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-street, Berners-street, W.

**MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON** having removed from her late residence, her present address is 29, Blandford-square.

**BOROUGH OF LEEDS**.—The Council of the Borough of Leeds are prepared to appoint an **ORGANIST** for the Town Hall Organ, at the salary of £200 per annum. The appointment will be made subject to public competition. Printed conditions may be obtained by application at the Town Clerk's Office, on and after the 21st instant.

By Order,

**JOHN A. IKIN**, Town Clerk.

Leeds, 11th April, 1860.

**FOR THE ORGAN**.—**SANTA MARIA** and **MARCIA RELIGIOSA**.—The celebrated Coro and Marcia in Meyerbeer's Opera **DINORAH**, arranged from the full score for the organ, with Pedal Obligato by J. T. Stone, price 3s.

Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

Second Edition, Folio, pp. 40, stitched. Price, complete, 7s. 6d.

**R. R. ROSS'S** Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately, Te Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s. London: J. A. Novello.

**DR. CALLCOTT'S PIANOFORTE GRAMMAR**.—

Arranged for beginners and teachers in schools, by William Hutchins Callcott, cloth, 4s. "It is not possible to name a treatise so copious in information as this."—C. Londale's Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond-street.

Just Published.

**"GLÜCKLICHE STUNDEN,"** Song for Soprano or Tenor voice, with German and Italian words, composed by H. S. Oakeley, Esq. Also, (by the same), **THREE FOUR-PART SONGS**, (No. 1, Morgenlied; No. 2, Abendlied; No. 3, Nachtlied;) with German and English words. Ewer & Co., 87, Regent-street.

Just Published, price 3s. 6d.

**"ROMANZA,"** for the Violoncello and Piano, composed and dedicated to Frederick Charles Pawle, Esq., by Edward Thurnam. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London.

**MEYERBEER'S NEW WORK**.—"ASPIRATION"—

**CANTIQUE**. (Short Anthem.) The words from the original Latin of Thomas a Kempis, "De Imitatione Christi." Composed for SIX VOICES (three sopranos, two tenors, and bass), with Recitatives for a BASS SOLO, and Organ (or Harmonium) accompaniment ad libitum, by **GIACOMO MEYERBEER**. Price, in score, 4s. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street, where Meyerbeer's setting of the Lord's Prayer, for four voices, 3s., and the Serenade, for eight voices, "This house to love is holy," 4s., may be obtained.

**NEW SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS**.—"The Good

Old Days," Patriotic song, composed by J. L. Hatton, price 2s. 6d. Published this day by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

**CHEAP EDITION OF MOZART'S TWELFTH**

**MASS** and **ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER**, arranged in the most effective manner for the Pianoforte, by Henry Smart, price 3s. each, complete, or handsomely bound, 5s. each. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

**ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS**.—

(38th Middlesex) Viscount Bury, Captain Commandant. This corps, composed of Artists, Amateurs, and others interested in any branch of Art, drills at the Argyll Rooms, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Five o'clock; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings at Half-past Six; and at Burlington House on Wednesday mornings at Eight. Officers appointed to First Company: Captain, Viscount Bury; Lieutenant, H. W. Phillips; Ensign, J. E. Millais, A.R.A. Third and Fourth Companies are now forming; gentlemen wishing to join the corps can be enrolled at the hours of drill, or on application to F. P. Cockerell, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 8, Regent-street.

**TO VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS**.—Boosey and Sons'

military band instruments, reed and brass, as well as bugles, drums and files, have been used and approved of by almost every regiment in the service, at home and abroad. Those regiments that contemplate the formation of a band, are invited to apply to the firm, who will be happy to recommend them competent bandmasters, and render any further assistance that may be required.—Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

## REVIEWS.

"*Summer Gladness*"—song, words by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, music by Mrs. Sampson (Cramer, Beale & Co.). The poetry, of a purely devotional character, is excellent, and if the music were as new as it is expressive (and well written, by the way), we should have to congratulate the fair composer at all points. In paying her this compliment, we are not disposed to quarrel with the sympathy she exhibits for Schubert, in the symphony, and for Spohr (*Jessonda*?) in the melody and harmony of her really charming song.

"*Grace*"—by Handel Gear (J. A. Novello). Mr. Handel Gear sings grace with appropriate solemnity and at the same time in an artistic spirit. We append the form of his thanksgiving:—

"For these and all thy mercies given,  
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord;  
May we receive them with thanksgiving,  
Ever trusting in Thy word.  
To Thee alone be honour, glory,  
Now and henceforth for evermore. Amen."

The above words are set in very correct and effective four-part harmony—first for alto, two tenors and bass, next for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, the latter being merely a transposition of the former, from F to A.

"*Les Naiades du Rhin*", *première fantaisie pour piano*—J. de Grenier (Robert Cocks & Chappell). As a "*première fantaisie*" the above piece may be recommended. It is neatly written (a point we are always inclined to insist upon as of the highest importance), and though somewhat monotonous, the first three pages of the *moderato* (3-4 time) are not inelegant. The episode, besides a nice feeling for harmony, shows a more earnest wish to avoid the beaten track. We do not like, however (for the same reason, probably, that some one objected to Dr. Fell), the subjoined progression:—



Still less (for a stronger reason than that which promoted the afore-cited objection to Dr. Fell) do we like it when it appears as follows:—



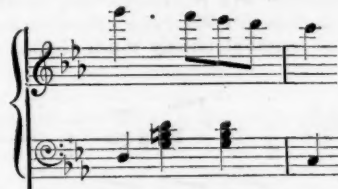
Elsewhere M. de Grenier (de Cassagnac?—no, he is not de Grenier but Granier de—) pitches his harmonic tent as below:—



—which, though a thought tame (and for a reason to the expounding of which Dr. Fell can in no way help us), we, nevertheless, prefer.

"*Queen of Fresh Flowers*"—duet, words by Bishop Heber, music by Mrs. Sampson (Cramer, Beale and Chappell). The words of Bishop Heber are beautiful, and had we space we should quote them, even though they proceed from a mitred poet. The music is hardly worthy of the authoress of "*Summer Gladness*," being both trivial and commonplace. In "*Days past long ago*"—words by James Onions, Esq., music by Mrs. Sampson (same publishers)—the fair composer triumphantly wins back her laurels. The words, though on a used-up theme, are of more than average merit, and were it not for the insertion of a superfluous "but" (which might advantageously be metamorphosed into "and") would be irreproachable. The melody with which the music of Onions has inspired Mrs. Sampson is extremely graceful and expressive; nor is a word of hostile criticism called for by the accompaniment, which is in equal degree neat and appropriate.

"*Charms*"—*étude à la valse*—for pianoforte, by P. E. van Noorden (Van Noorden and Co.). Why this piece should be called *étude* is as difficult to explain as why it should be entitled "*Charms*." The principal theme consists chiefly of an ordinary distribution of the chords of the tonic and dominant into arpeggio, during a temporary departure from which Mr. Van Noorden plunges head and ears into consecutive octaves between extreme parts moving in the same direction:—



The first part of the Episode (in A flat), beginning at page 3, is graceful and less commonplace; but the second part—*con fuoco* (page 4)—is by no means as good. The variation on the first part, however, brings us back again to smooth water.

"*Lassie, are you waking*"—written and composed by George Linley (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). The words, in the serenade fashion, are in Mr. Linley's simplest and happiest vein; and but for one or two questionable points the music would be no less unexceptionable. Here is one:—



Here another:—





Here another :—



And here another :—



The second part of the song, beginning on the words, "Come, come, the birds are singing," is both pretty and well harmonised.

"The last Rose of Summer"—for two voices—by Mrs. Holman Andrews (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). If Mrs. Holman Andrews will reharmonise the following she will decidedly improve her otherwise unexceptionable arrangement of the beautiful melody which Gospadin Flotow did not write :—



The point deserves consideration.

"Night Watchers"—song, words by J. F. Waller, LL.D., music by Joseph Robinson (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). The words of this song are conceived in a poetic spirit, and the music with which they are associated, in addition to the grace and expressiveness of its melody, is harmonised in a thoroughly musician-like style.

"I wish I were a child again"—song, words by Annie Bentley, music by G. A. Macfarren (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell)—but for its marked originality might be mistaken for one of those exquisite melodies (from Mr. W. Chappell's *Music of the Olden Time*), of which Mr. Macfarren has harmonised so many. Nothing can be more unobtrusive, pretty, and even tender than the melody, nothing more finished and unaffected than the accompaniment. Placed in the third act of an English opera, this little ballad would produce a "furore."

"The memory of thee"—ballad, sung by Miss Leffler, composed by John W. Morgan (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell). "The Warning of the Rose"—ballad, written and composed by M. Rophino Lacy (same publishers). "Round the corner waiting"—ballad, composed by William Walker (Robert Cocks and Co.) There is nothing remarkable to notice in

any of these songs. The first is on the extreme verge of common-place. The second has more attempt in it, and is not without a certain grace. The third has an ordinary melody, and is generally well harmonised; but at page 3, line 4, bar 4, the chord of E comes in so awkwardly as to derange the cadence altogether. The whole page, by the way, wants revision, the signature at the beginning of every line (an engraver's error) having one sharp instead of three.

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

##### A CHAMBER-ORGAN WITH THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCALES OF PEDALS.

AN instrument on the following plan I am not aware has been built, and although the German scale of keys and pedals is well enough for fugues, choruses, &c., in solo playing on the swell, or soft stops in the choir, it is not so well suited, on account of the pedal-notes reaching so high, and the pedal-pipes being too loud for the fundamental bass, to a swell solo, with a soft left-hand accompaniment. To provide for both, I recommend the following arrangement, that if carried out would, I trust, satisfy the advocates for either the German or English G organ, as follows:—

##### PLAN—TWO SETS OF KEYS.

Upper Set, from CCC to A, six octaves and three-quarters.  
Lower do., from CC to A, four octaves and a sixth.

##### STOPS IN THE UPPER SET—SWELL.

Stop Diapason, from tenor C to the top of the key-board.  
Dulciana, ditto to ditto.  
Stopped Flute, ditto to ditto.  
Hautboy (organ) ditto to F, continued with harmoniums.  
Clarinet, ditto to the top (harmonium flute-notes).  
Bassoon, from B below tenor C to CCC (harmonium.)

##### STOPS IN THE LOWER SET.

Stop Diapason (soft and sweet).	Chorus (three ranks).
Open Diapason (round and deep).	Trumpet down to fiddle G.
Clarabella.	Trombone, from the next note below to CC.
Principal.	Vox humana (Human voice) to Tenor C.
Dulciana.	Swell Coupler.
Open Flute to tenor C.	
Fifteenth.	
Twelfth.	

German Pedals from CC to middle C.

English Pedals from GGG to A, a ninth above.

The English uppermost, the GGG in a line with the CC below, both to slide in and out.

To the English scale add five soft stop diapason notes, from BB to GGG, to speak on the lowest octave of the upper keys as a continuation of the stop diapason in the lower set.

N.B.—These pipes complete the ninth of pedal bass to a soft solo in the treble.

##### COMPOSITION PEDALS.

To draw on the lower keys, the open diapason, principal, open flute, fifteenth, twelfth, and chorus: pedal to the right. Next pedal (close enough to enable the foot to press down both at one time) to draw the reeds in the lower set and the swell coupler.

A third pedal (to the left) to reverse the preceding.

The one that draws the reeds to open the swell-box to be closed when the third pedal is pressed down.

The lowest octave of German pedals to pull down the keys of the lowest octave in the upper set, on which must speak an octave of bourdon pipes attached to a draw-stop.

Having given a full description of the instrument, I will now turn to its utility, first apprising my readers it is intended for a concert or drawing-room, and its high scale in the swell is to afford players plenty of scope for light playing, in which they may treat the swell as a violin and display what the organ is capable of producing, by such as desire to advance and not tread the one old worn-out path as some prefer, till the school is fairly become stale and insipid to the advanced taste of musicians.

Suppose I want the proper combination for one of Bach's

pedal fugues. I draw all the stops of the lower key-board, the German pedals and the bourdon. Here I have the German pedal organ; and if I desire more power, I can add the swell coupler without the bassoon, or it, to add brilliancy to the pedal notes.

If again, I want a proper accompaniment to a solo on the swell, I push in the German pedals and draw out the English with the five-stop diapason notes, by which I have a pedal scale of soft notes from GGG to A, the ninth above, with either a stop diapason or dulciana left-hand accompaniment, or, I can use the vox humana for the solo, and accompany it on the swell with a soft pedal bass. I am aware the chief novelty in this plan is the two sets of pedals, but I may be allowed to observe, an organ on the preceding arrangement would possess all that can be desired for a concert or drawing-room performance.

HAYDN WILSON,  
Professor of the Organ, Pianoforte,  
and Theory, London.

### PASSAGES FROM SPOHR'S LIFE.

(Translated from Alexander Malibran's "Popular Biography.")

In January, 1821, Spohr performed for the first time at a public concert in Paris. He had prevailed upon the management of the Grand-Opéra to give an evening entertainment, the first part of which was to consist of a concert, and the second a ballet—an arrangement which was new in Paris, and saved him the troublesome task of getting up a concert himself. He gave his overture to *Abruna*, a new violin concerto, and the *Pot-Pourri* on Mozart's duet in *Don Juan*; between the pieces Mlle. Cinti sang a cavatina, and Bordagni and Levasseur a duet by Rossini. The approbation of the public at his efforts was unmistakably expressed in warm applause and cries of "Bravo." Not so favourable, however, were the criticisms of the majority of the newspaper critics, to whom Spohr had neglected to pay his court. It is true that all the papers mentioned the concert, and some with unqualified praise; most of them, however, did so with the addition of a "but," and all with self-complacent vanity. One writer said:—"Si M. Spohr reste quelque temps à Paris, il pourra perfectionner son goût, et retourner, en suite, former celui des bons Allemands!"

Spohr played frequently at private houses, and had the satisfaction of finding that his compositions and play were greeted with enthusiasm by professionals and amateurs. The quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, a piece which he had written for his wife, who had given up the harp by the advice of her medical attendants, was especially popular. An offer was made to take all the business arrangements of a second concert quite off his hands, and to secure gratuitously for him the best orchestra in Paris, but he did not avail himself of the offer.

The following judgment pronounced by Spohr, on the relative merits of Baillot (1771—1842), Lafont (1781—1839), Kreutzer, jun.,\* and Habeneck, will have, on account of the practical remarks it contains, an especial value for violin-players:—

"If you ask me which of these four violinists please me most, I answer, unhesitatingly, if we look merely at execution, Lafont. He combines, in his play, a beautiful tone, the greatest purity, strength and grace, and would be a perfect violinist, if, to these admirable qualities, he united deep feeling, and had not accustomed himself so much to the practice, quite peculiar to the French school, of dwelling on the last note of a phrase. He

appears, however, to be deficient, like most Frenchmen, in feeling, without which a man can neither compose a good adagio, nor play one well, for, although he decks out his slow movements with many elegant and pretty ornaments, he is rather cold himself, and leaves his audience so. The adagio seems to be generally considered here, both by artists and the public, the most unimportant movement in a concerto, and is probably retained only because it is useful in separating the two quick movements from each other, and heightening their effect.

"It is to the indifference of the French for this, as well as, generally, to their unsusceptibility for everything that touches the feelings, that I ascribe the fact of my adagio, and the manner in which I render it, producing less effect here than the brilliant allegro passages. Being spoilt by the applause bestowed, especially on my execution of the andante, by Germans, Italians, Dutchmen, and Englishmen, I felt at first offended at finding so little attention paid it by the French. Since, however, I have observed how seldom their own artists give them an opportunity of hearing a serious adagio, and how little the taste for it is awakened in them, I have grown calm on the point. The practice of bringing out the last note of a period by increased pressure and a rapid upward motion of the bow, is more or less peculiar to all French violinists, and of no one is this more strikingly true than of Lafont. It is incomprehensible to me how such unnatural accentuation, which sounds exactly as if a speaker were to let out strongly the short final syllables, can have arisen. If players, when executing the *cantabile*, had always taken the human voice for a model (as, in my opinion, every instrumental performer ought to do), they would not have thus gone astray. The Parisians, however, are now so accustomed to this unnatural fault, that the play of a foreigner, who is not equally eccentric, strikes them as far too simple, or as Herr Sievers expresses it, far too straightforward.

"That Lafont's virtuosity is always confined to only a few pieces at a time, and that he practises the same concerto for years before he performs it in public, is well known. Since I have heard what perfect execution he attains by the plan, I will not blame this devotion of all his powers to one single end, but I feel myself incapable of imitating him; I cannot even understand how anyone can make up his mind to practise the same piece of music four or six hours every day, and, still less, how a man manages, when pursuing so mechanical a course, not to become totally insensible to all true art. Baillot is nearly as accomplished in the technical part of his play, while his diversity proves that he is so without being compelled to have recourse to such desperate means. In addition to his own compositions, he plays nearly all the works of ancient and modern times. On the evening in question, he treated us to a quintet by Boccherini, a quartet by Haydn, and three compositions of his own: a concerto, an *air varié*, and a rondo. All these things he played with perfect correctness, and with the expression peculiar to his manner. This expression struck me, however, as being more artificial than natural, just as his style is marked by mannerism on account of the too great prominence of the means by which his expression is produced. His bowing is clever and rich in delicate touches, but not so free as that of Lafont; consequently his tone is not so fine, and the mechanical art of moving his bow upwards and downwards too audible. His compositions are distinguished from those of almost all other Parisian violinists by their correctness, and it cannot be denied that they possess a certain originality; but something artificial, antiquated, and marked with mannerism in the style, makes him exceedingly fond of playing the quintets of Boccherini very often. I was anxious to hear these quintets, of which I know about a dozen, played by him, in order to see whether, by-the-way he executed them, he could succeed in making me forget their emptiness. Highly successful, however, as was his performance of those he selected, the frequently childish character of the melodies and the poverty of the harmony, nearly always only three-part, struck me no less disagreeably than on every occasion that I had heard the same pieces before. It is hardly comprehensible how an educated artist like Baillot, acquainted with our treasures in the way of compositions of this kind,

\* Jean Nicolas Auguste Kreutzer, brother of Rudolf Kreutzer, and his junior by fifteen years. He died in the summer of 1831, a few months after his brother, who had been ailing ever since 1826.

can make up his mind still to go on playing these quintets (the only merit of which is founded on the period and circumstances under which they were written)! The fact, however, that people listen to them here with as much satisfaction as to one by Mozart, is another proof that the Parisians cannot distinguish good from bad, and are, at least, fifty years behindhand in their artistic education. I heard Habeneck execute two '*airs variés*' of his own composition. He is a brilliant violinist, who plays a great many notes with great rapidity and great ease. His tone and bowing, however, are somewhat coarse. The younger Kreutzer played me a new, very brilliant and graceful trio by his brother. His style of execution reminded one somewhat of the elder one's manner, and convinced me they are the most sterling of all the Parisian violinists. The younger Kreutzer lacks physical strength. He is sickly, and frequently not allowed to play for months together. His tone is, in consequence, somewhat dull; in other respects, his play is pure, fiery and full of expression."

Remarkable, also, are Spohr's views with regard to the church music of the Royal Chapel, whose chapel-masters, Lesueur and Cherubini, assumed the direction in turn once every three months, that is to say, presided in court-dress at the head of the singers, while Plantade really conducted, and R. Kreutzer and Baillot led the first and second violins respectively. Spohr writes as follows:—

"Although I was prepared to hear music of a very different character to what we call sacred music in Germany, I was not a little astonished at the brilliant theatrical style of a mass by Plantade, which I heard on my first visit to the chapel, the 17th of last month. It contains not the slightest trace of strict style, and no attempt at a canonical treatment of the voices, far less at a fugue. Leaving these out of consideration, it contains some exceedingly pretty thoughts, and good instrumentation, which would be perfectly in their place in a comic opera. The concluding *allegro*, probably on the words '*Dona nobis pacem*' (though I do not know for certain, as the French pronounce Latin in a manner unintelligible to a German ear), was so completely in the style of an opera-finale (and, like the latter, with the tempo increased two or three times), that, at the end, completely forgetting the place I was in, I expected the curtain would fall and the public applaud.

"On the 24th December, at twelve o'clock at night, we heard what is called *Messe de Minuit*, written, on this occasion, by Lesueur. Previously, however, we were compelled to endure a great trial of patience, having to listen, during two rather long hours, from ten to twelve, to nothing but psalms sung in the most monotonous manner, and interrupted, now and then, by some barbarous interlude on the organ. At length, at twelve o'clock, the mass began. It was written in the same frivolous theatrical style as Plantade's composition, only in the solemn midnight hour it was even more repulsive! What surprised one more than anything else, particularly of Lesueur, who enjoys here the reputation of being an admirable harmonist, and, if I am not mistaken, gives lessons in harmony at the Conservatory, was the fact that there was not even a four-part treatment of the voices! Though, perhaps, it may sometimes be effective in opera for music to be written in two parts, letting the soprano go in octaves with the tenor, and the alto with the basses, partly to render the execution easier to the theatrical choruses, which are generally bad, and partly to obtain more material power, it strikes me as perfectly barbarous to introduce such a practice into the Church, and I should very much like to know what M. Lesueur, who is certainly a thoughtful artist, means by doing so. Variations for harp, horn, and violoncello, by Nadermann, executed by the composer himself, Messrs. Dauprat and Baudish, were introduced, instead of the Offertorium. You know that, in Germany, even a serious symphony-movement struck me as too mundane in this position, and, therefore, you may easily imagine what a repulsive impression was produced upon me by the gay French variations for the harp at the hour of midnight; yet I saw those present engaged in devout prayer. How do they manage to command a single pious thought with such trivial music?

Either the latter has no importance for them, or they can close their ears completely against it, otherwise they must, like myself, be inevitably reminded by it of the ballet at the Grand-Opéra, where these three instruments are similarly employed in the most voluptuous dances. The harp, although, in very ancient times, the favourite instrument of a pious king, ought to be banished from the church, if only because it is useless in a strict style, the only one suitable for the church.

"But will you believe me when I inform you that even the master, Cherubini, has allowed himself to be carried away by bad example, so that in his masses, also, the theatrical style is frequently predominant? It is true, that, in such cases, he makes up for his fault by admirable and effective music, but who can enjoy the latter if he is unable to forget entirely where he hears it? It would be less lamentable that Cherubini, like the others, departs from the true church style, did he not, in some few pieces, show how worthily he can write in that style. Many detached movements of his masses, especially the admirably treated fugues, and, above all, his '*Paternoster*,' (up to the mundane conclusion), afford the most magnificent proof of this. If, however, you can get over your once annoyance at this style, which frequently launches out into the wildest extravagance, you may derive the highest artistic enjoyment from it. By the help of a rich fancy, of harmonic combinations, often quite strange, and a clever employment, guided by many years' experience, of the material means at his disposal, Cherubini produces such powerful effects, that you are involuntarily carried away, soon forgetting all his subtleties, and abandoning yourself wholly to your feelings and to enjoyment. What would this man have done, if he had always written for Germans instead of for Frenchmen?"

On his second visit to Paris, in 1844, Spohr, who since his first stay in London (in the year 1819) had achieved, in 1839, 1841, 1842, and 1843, extraordinary triumphs, both in France and England, was welcomed with great honours; among other things, Habeneck performed for him, with the band of the Conservatory, his symphony, *Die Weihe der Tone*, in such manner that Spohr asserted there were only two orchestras in the world that could play so well: that of the Conservatory in Paris; and that of the Conservatory in Prague.

## PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—At the last miscellaneous concert of Mr. Charles Hallé's third season, the following was the programme:—

PART I.—Scotch Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn; Grand Scena, "Wie nacht mir," Mlle. Parepa (Freischütz)—Weber; Andante and Rondo, pianoforte, from Concerto in G (first time), Mr. Charles Hallé—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Victorine," Mlle. Parepa—Mellon; Overture, "Preciosa"—Weber.

PART II.—Overture, "Guillaume Tell"—Rossini; Song, "L'Alouette," Mlle. Parepa—Clapiason; Nocturne and Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn; Solo, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé: "Nocturne," in F sharp, Chopin—"Lied ohne Worte," in E, Mendelssohn—"Valse Caprice," Schubert and Liszt; The Laughing Song, "Manon Lescaut" (by desire), Mlle. Parepa—Auber; Overture, "Zampa"—Hérold.

In noticing the last miscellaneous concert of the third season of Mr. Hallé's concerts, we are happy to have observed a progressive augmentation of the support they receive. The attendances, with scarcely one exception, have throughout the season been exceedingly large, and more than once or twice the hall has been crammed, and this, too, in face of an increase in the charges for admission.

"It is," remarks his Majesty the King of Hanover, "an unpardonable offence against the sublime and divine art of music to consider it as merely a pastime for leisure moments, and for tickling the ear; to imagine that it is destined solely to accompany the movements of the thoughtless dance; to attend and listen to its performances because such is the fashion; or to have recourse to music for no other purpose than to be able to pronounce in conversation a superficial opinion of artists and works



of art; and not much rather to strive to acquire a correct comprehension of all that is most sublime, exquisite, impressive, in every musical composition; to study intensely the productions of the inspired hours of great composers; and so, with unprejudiced mind, and wide-open heart, to feel what they felt, and to seek and find what is really to be found in the exuberant riches of all that is excellent in music—the ennobling of our feelings, the refinement of our morality, the strengthening of our energies and our courage, consolation in affliction, invigoration for the mind, hope for the future, and a steadfast perseverance in faith and love.”

The unexceptionable and high character of the music which Mr. Hallé has introduced at his concerts leads us to believe that he coincides with these sentiments, and we trust he will persevere in a course which is so honourable to himself and so calculated to advance his art.

Wednesday falling in Passion Week, Mr. Hallé selected Mendelssohn's *Elijah* for performance. Among the principals were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. This was the last concert of the series properly speaking; but Mr. Hallé announces an additional concert for his own benefit, when Glück's grand opera *Iphigenia in Tauride* will be given for the third time.

PETERBOROUGH—(From a Correspondent).—The *Messiah* was given at the Corn Exchange on Wednesday, the principal parts by Miss Stabbach and Miss Huddart, Mr. Perren, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Harley. The chorus was made up of the choristers and some of the lay-clerks of the cathedral, with about thirty other ladies and gentlemen, members of the vocal class of Mr. Barratt (the conductor). These latter were not at all up to their work, consequently the choruses were for the most part unsatisfactory. The band (which was small, though effective) was led by Mr. Griesbach, with whom we observed some few others from the musical circles of the metropolis; the solos were, therefore, well accompanied, and provided indeed the treat of the day. Unfortunately, Miss Stabbach was labouring under a severe cold, which marred some of her best efforts. She was, however, very successful in “But thou didst not leave” (which, by the way, was taken at a moderate *allegro*, instead of an *andante larghetto*), as also in “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” the florid “Rejoice greatly” was, however, too much of a tax upon her in her present position, though it was very creditably given, and, indeed, the lady is deserving of great praise for her strenuous exertions to accomplish her work, as it was evident that these exertions were at times quite painful to her. Miss Huddart was more fortunate; her fine contralto voice being heard to great advantage in “He shall feed his flock” (which was nicely accompanied), and in “He was despised” (which was not, the only exception amongst the solos). Her great taste and expression thrown into this, together with the beautiful and touching words, had a marked effect upon the audience. Mr. Perren took all the tenor solos: “Thy rebuke,” and the following air, were very chastely sung, and the famous “Thou shalt break them” was given with great precision and vigour. The bass solos were divided between a local bass, Mr. Harley, and Mr. Wheeler of Oxford. The former sang “Why do the nations,” which was his best effort: his style in “For behold darkness” was but very questionable. Mr. Wheeler gave “For He is like,” and “The trumpet shall sound,” very correctly, but with hardly sufficient power, and in the last was well accompanied on the trumpet.

KIDDERMINSTER—(From a Correspondent).—On Thursday evening, the 5th instant, the Choral Society held a special meeting for the purpose of presenting their conductor, J. Fitzgerald, Esq., with a testimonial of their respect and regard for his long and valuable services as their conductor, who, ever since the formation of the society, ten years ago, has been unremitting in his labours and gratuitous services, to promote its interests, as well as the cultivation of musical taste in the town and neighbourhood generally. The testimonial consisted of a very handsome massive silver snuff box, richly embossed and engraved, with ornamental musical devices, and manufactured expressly for the occasion by Messrs. Elkington and Mason of Birmingham. The treasurer of the society, Mr. Standen, presided, and who,

after suitably addressing the meeting, called upon the honorary secretary, Mr. Tuck, to read the address, which was drawn up by Messrs. Cooksey and Tuck. After reading the address and briefly commenting thereon, Mr. Tuck presented the testimonial, which was accepted by Mr. Fitzgerald and acknowledged in the warmest terms. After several congratulatory remarks by various members, Mr. Fitzgerald spoke an address, and the meeting terminated.

YORKSHIRE CHORAL UNION—(From a Correspondent).—GRAND EASTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Under the above designation a series of four concerts have been given at the Town Hall, Leeds, this week, jointly directed by Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. R. S. Burton. On Monday morning, the programme included the two first parts (Spring and Summer) of Haydn's *Seasons*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. In the evening there was a Miscellaneous Selection, including Mendelssohn's Piano-forte Concerto in G Minor, performed by Mr. Hallé. On Tuesday morning, the *Messiah*, and in the evening Glück's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, directed by Mr. Hallé. Among the principal vocalists were Madame Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Sunderland, Madame Weiss, Miss Freeman, Messrs. Perren, Inkersall, Wharton, Weiss, &c. The band numbered about forty, chiefly of Leeds and its neighbourhood, with a few from Manchester, &c. In some departments, the orchestra was good, but the overpowering brass and paucity of “strings” was much felt throughout the performances. The “Bassi” were extremely weak. The chorus numbered about 150 (not 250 as stated in the bills), and were, on the whole, remarkably powerful and efficient. Their singing was excellent in all the performances except *Iphigenia*, where the minor intervals seemed to puzzle the united choirs amazingly, being rarely, if ever, in tune. In the *Messiah*, *Mount of Olives*, and in all passages requiring vigour and force, the chorus was fresh, powerful, and effective, and generally in good tune. The specialities of the solo singers need not be detailed here, for they must be well known to the readers of the *Musical World*. Of course Madame Hayes sang “The harp that once,” &c., and of course carried off the usual honours. Of course Mrs. Sunderland gave Arne's antiquated “O bid your faithful Ariel,” and of course the Leedsers would have it again. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sang “Il pianto,” and of course Mr. Weiss was successful in all he undertook. At a “grand musical festival,” however, it might be supposed that the vocal pieces would have had the advantage of a band, instead of a piano-forte accompaniment. The great feature was undoubtedly Mr. Charles Hallé's pianoforte performances, which were everything that could be desired, and awakened considerable enthusiasm. The attendances at the morning performances were very limited, but more numerous in the evenings. We believe the receipts will be considerably below the expenditure.

ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS, ENROLLED AS “38TH MIDDLESEX.”—Viscount Bury has been appointed Captain-Commandant. The other officers of the first company are Lieutenant H. W. Phillips, Ensign J. E. Millais, A.R.A., Sergeants F. Talfourd, A. J. Lewis, C. Perugini, H. Watkins, Corporals C. Earles, W. Gale, A. Nicholson. The members of the corps number upwards of one hundred and thirty, meet for drill every evening at the Argyll Rooms, and on Wednesday mornings at Burlington House. Two companies are already formed, and third and fourth companies in course of formation. Amongst the active members of the corps, representatives of various branches of art, painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, architects, &c., are the following:—Messrs. Millais, Hunt, Phillips, Watts, F. Talfourd, Leech, Luard, Monro, Hullah, T. Harper, Blagrove, Nicholson, Stirling, Leighton, Dickenson, Cockerell, Salvin, A. Wigan, D. Fisher, Gale, Richmond, O'Neil, Cooper, Thomas, Severn, C. Haag, Lewis, Cayley, Earl, Perugini, Woolner, Earles, Hayllar, Prinsep, Watkins, Martineau, Williams, &c., &c.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR PUNCH.—Query—in the estimation of modern barytones, should not M. Faure (*Four*) be called A. One? (Dedicated to Augustus Mayhew, Horace Mayhew, and Sutherland Edwards, Esquires, authors of *The Goose with the Golden Puns*).

## MARRIED.

On the 31st of March, at the British Legation at St. Petersburg, by the Rev. Edward Lawe, D.D., Chaplain to the Legation, Sir John Fiennes Crampton, Bart., K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. Petersburg, to Viotore, second daughter of M. W. Balfé, Esq., of Dublin.

## JULLIEN FUND.

THE illness of M. Jullien having, with fatal rapidity, terminated in death, it has been resolved that the donations to the JULLIEN FUND shall be applied in the manner which would have been most in consonance with the wishes of the deceased, had it been permitted him to express them, viz., to the relief of his widow and family, who, by his loss, are left totally unprovided for.

Committee for the distribution of the Jullien Fund.

Mr. John Mitchell; Mr. W. R. Sams; Mr. Thomas Chappell; Mr. W. Duncan Davison; Mr. Jules Benedict; Mr. A. Blumenthal.

## Honorary Treasurers.

Mr. John Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street.

## Bankers.

Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Heywood, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street; London and County Bank, Hanover-square;—who, as well as the Honorary Treasurers, have kindly consented to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions already advertised .. .. £375 6s. 10d.

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Charles Waring, Esq. ..	5	5	0	Small sums received by			
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The return of country subscriptions has not yet been received, but will be shortly advertised.

## ONE SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION.

Books to receive names are now placed at Mr. Hammond's (late Jullien's), 214, Regent-street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Baily Brothers, Cornhill; Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's, 24, Oxford-street; Mr. Paak's, Lowther-arcade; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Mr. Bignell's, Argyll-rooms, Deposit Bank, Leicester-square; Sunday Times Office; Messrs. Bossey & Sons, Holles-street; Mr. Austin, St. James's-hall; Duncan Davison and Co., 214, Regent-street; and at the principal music shops throughout the country.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—

On Tuesday next, April 17, will be performed, Meyerbeer's New Romantic Opera, entitled DINORAH; or, Il Pellegrinaggio de Floërmel. Principal characters by Madame Nien Carvalho, Mdlle. Giuditta Sylvia, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliacoe, Signor Neri Baraldi and M. Faure.

Conductor—M. COSTA.  
The doors open at eight, the Opera commences at half-past eight o'clock. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.  
Boxes, Stalls, and Pit Tickets may be had at the Box Office, under the portico of the theatre, and at the principal music-sellers and librarians.

First appearance of M. ille. Csilling, Thursday next, April 19, will be given as a Subscription Night in lieu of the last Tuesday of the season, on which occasion will be performed, for the first time these five years, Beethoven's celebrated opera, FIDELIO. Leonora, Mdlle. Csilling (her first appearance in England).

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—  
GRAND ENGLISH OPERA.

The Management have much pleasure in announcing to the public that the OPERATIC PERFORMANCES having given general satisfaction, will be repeated every evening until further notice.

See the opinions of the public press.

Monday Evening, April 16th, will be presented Verdi's favourite Opera of IL TROVATORE. Mauricio, Mr. Henry Haigh; Count de Luna, Mr. Charles Durand; Ferrando, Mr. Thompson; Ruiz, Mr. Salvie; Azucena, Miss Emma Heywood; and Leonora, Miss Dyer. Before the Opera, the Band, comprising upwards of sixty performers, will play the overture to Oberon.

Tuesday, April 17th, and during the week, will be performed a favorite English Opera, supported by the following eminent Artists:—Miss Dyer, Miss Emma Heywood, &c., &c. Messrs. Henry Haigh, Melchor Winter, Salvie, Borani, Thompson, and Charles Durand, and a Band and Chorus of 100 performers. Conductor and Musical Director, Dr. JAMES PECH. In consequence of its great success, the performance will conclude each evening with a petite ballet comique by Flexmore, entitled THE SPANISH DANCERS; or, Two top many. In the course of the ballet, pas by Mdlle. Auriol and Mr. Flexmore, and the grand corps de ballet; Bolero, Mdlle. Auriol and Flexmore; Valse, by the Spanish Dancers; Zaytendo, by Mdlle. Auriol and Flexmore, and the corps de ballet of this Theatre. Stage Manager, Mr. James Martin; Ballet Master, Mr. Flexmore; Treasurer, Mr. Lewis.

Reduced Prices.—Stalls, 4s.; dress circle, 2s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d.; private boxes from 10s. 6d. upwards. The box office, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, open daily.

## NOTICE.

THE MUSICAL WORLD may be obtained direct from the Office, 28, Holles-street, by quarterly subscription of five shillings, payable in advance; or by order of any Newsvendor.

ADVERTISEMENTS are received until Three o'clock on Friday Afternoon, and must be paid for when delivered. Terms:—

Three lines (about thirty words) ... .. 2s. 6d.  
Every additional line (ten words) ... .. 0s. 6d.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14TH, 1860.

DOES legitimate Italian opera border on dissolution?—is a question which must have presented itself frequently of late to those who regard the subject as one of no little importance. If Italian opera goes, the art of singing, distinguished from that of vocal declamation, must go with it. There are some who maintain that such a catastrophe would in no way affect the interests of music in an intellectual sense, and that the great masters would retain their influence just the same if the vocal art, from the earlier Italian point of view, were irretrievably lost. We cannot agree either with their premiss or deduction.

It is notorious that those who have been nurtured in the Italian school of singing are also the best interpreters of the classic German models, and equally so that the voices of the Italians of the last and preceding generations were more enduring, and preserved their vigour and freshness far longer, than those of the present age. Not to travel, however, from our own time, compare Alboni's execution of the airs in *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* with that of any singer whose youth and adolescence have been chiefly devoted to the operas of Signor Verdi. The one is even, flowing, well-balanced, natural, and expressive—artistically faultless, in a word; while the other, with here and there a fine point, springing from the successful embodiment of a happy impulse, is unequal, anti-rhythmical, strained, and convulsive. The existence of such manifest disparity between singers, perhaps equally endowed by nature, leads to a consideration of its origin. Why does Alboni sing "Batti, batti," "Voi che sapete," all the airs, in short, of Zerlina and Cherubino to absolute perfection, while Madame or Made-moiselle —, with real genius, artistic fire, and a voice as beautiful in quality, and wealthy in tone, as it is extended in register, comparatively fails? The only inference to be drawn is, that one has learned to sing by the proper method, and has exercised herself in the proper music, while the other, with all her magnificent endowments, has done neither. The method was the Italian method, the music, the music of Rossini and his immediate predecessors. So that even those one-sided thinkers, who refuse to see the extraordinary musical merit of Rossini's purest Italian operas, must perforce admit that, as a means towards a most desirable end, they are indispensable.

Rossini's florid music has done the same thing for Italians as Handel's *bravura* songs (which have as frequently been condemned by prejudiced critics) did for our own greatest singers, from the time when Handel wrote Italian operas to that of our own Sims Reeves, a great part of whose unrivalled excellence is attributable to his constant practice in Handel's florid airs. But where did Handel obtain this particular secret of his art?—during his travels in Italy, of course, and from the Italian singers whom, from time to time, he brought over from Italy, to aid him in that enter-



prise which, though it resulted in his temporary commercial ruin, was a powerful auxiliary towards the attainment of that excellence which ultimately left him without a rival.

We must be careful, too, while rejecting altogether one side Rossini's art, not to fall into the error of Herr Wagner, whose *Art-work of the Future* supports the paradox that *music cannot exist independently*. If we are never to look for anything in vocal music but the natural expression of words (as in a great measure did Gluck), we clip off one of its wings. Music can be occasionally a minister, but never a slave; and it may be accepted as certain that one reason why Gluck set up his intolerant theory was a consciousness within him of not being sufficiently a master to invent such music as would delight on its own account, without reference to words or even to situations—music conceived and realised exclusively of all conditions but such as regulate its own plan, development, and symmetrical proportions as independent art-work.

Whether this privilege of creating absolute forms and varieties of forms for itself should be denied a composer for the voice, while it is unanimously (the dogma of Herr Wagner is an exception which the more firmly establishes the rule) granted to a composer for instruments, is worth an argument. We hold such a binding of the musician to his words to be as cruel and tyrannical as the fastening of Ixion to his wheel. It is also unnatural, inasmuch as it prevents the free play of the musician's fancy, and thus deprives the world of one-half the rich gifts he would have it in his power to bestow. There is a great difference between violating expression and multiplying its resources. Mozart might have set "Una voce poco fa" in a very different style from Rossini, and yet both have been truly natural and expressive. We will go even so far as to say that the florid mode of expression, when skilfully used, is just as legitimate as any other; and that Handel, when he set "Rejoice greatly," set it in the florid style, as most appropriate to the sentiment of the text he had to illustrate. And if the voice is to be deprived of this peculiar medium of display, why accord it to instruments? Why tolerate "passages" (so-called) in concertos and sonatas, for the violin or pianoforte? When Beethoven lays out an ordinary chord, in arpeggios, from one end of the keyboard to the other, it is quite true that what he has to say would be all expressed if the harmony were simply struck at once; but his aim was to convey it in a brilliant and peculiar manner, and this was only to be effected by the device to which he had recourse. Mozart, too, in many of his airs (for example those awarded to one of the supernatural personages in *Die Zauberflöte*—Asträffante, Queen of Night) resorts to the same appliance with similar consistency and the like success. Half the art of early Italian vocalists consisted in their florid exhibitions; and though often, we are aware, absurd, or employed illogically (and therefore ineffectively), they have as often revealed to us what the musician had to convey by means of his art, far more completely than could have been accomplished through any other expedient. That the sentiment belonging to the verbal text of "Una voce" or "Di piacer" could have been more felicitously expressed than by Rossini we are wholly indisposed to admit. In their way these songs are just as perfect as those of Zerlina and Cherubino.

But if this one side of Rossini's art had only tended to educate singers (like Handel's florid music), and enabled them to continue singing, year after year, without disparagement to their voices, it would possess sufficient claims not

merely to respect but to admiration. These things it has effected; and what is more (as we have hinted), by giving the singer a ready and invariable command of his resources, has made him a more thorough master of styles, from the florid *bravura* to the simply expressive, than he could otherwise possibly have been. With these strong convictions we are disposed to view with alarm the phase through which the Italian vocal art is passing (a phase of transition we may hope—but transition to what better state?) The art of singing is no longer taught in Italy; and now even in this vast city of London, where the Italian Opera has flourished for a century and a-half, it seems impossible to obtain a company of Italian singers, or to compose a repertory of Italian music. Look at our two great houses, this year. On the first night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, the opera was by a Russian composer, the *prima donna* was a German, the *seconda donna* a Belgian, and the *primo basso* (why do we employ the Italian idiom?) a Frenchman; at the Royal Italian Opera, on the same occasion, the opera was by a German, while the *prima donna* and *primo basso-barytono* were both French. What is threatened at Her Majesty's Theatre in a short time, is still more extraordinary—viz., *Semiramide*, the most essentially Italian *opera seria* by the most essentially Italian composer, with four out of the five principal characters sustained by non-Italians: *Semiramide*, by a German (Fraulein Titiens); *Assur*, by a Belgian (M. Eyraud); *Idreno*, by a Spaniard (Senor Belart); and *Oroe*, by a Frenchman (Monsieur Viallette).

Nevertheless, though *vita brevis, ars longa est*, and, as Cardanus was not the first or the last to say, it "moves in a circle."

PANURGE, whom we left inside a terrestrial globe, rolling about the gardens of the Royal Grecian, in the City-road, had not been heard of for several days, and Pantagruel was consequently in a state of great uneasiness. For, in spite of those accessions of violence that, on account of his enormous strength, were productive of great inconvenience to his friends, Pantagruel was really the tenderest-hearted creature in the world.

At about ten o'clock one evening, he was sitting in a box at the "Edinburgh Castle," with Epistemon; and the two exchanged their lamentations in such dismal sort, that John the waiter swore that he felt as melancholy as if he were witnessing the comic business of an ordinary Christmas pantomime.

"Why have I lost thee, dear dreg of humanity?" cried Panurge.

"Foul blot on the sphere of blotting-paper that men call earth! why art thou effaced?" wailed Epistemon.

"Vile fount of platitudes!" murmured Pantagruel.

"Base spoiler of Latinity!" groaned Epistemon.

"Worthless alike to thyself and to everyone else! why dost thou belie the proverb, which teaches us that 'nought is never in danger'?" sighed Pantagruel.

While they thus bitterly bewailed the loss of their friend, who should pop into the room but Panurge himself, looking marvellously fresh and well-favoured. Placing himself in the middle of the room, with both his arms a-kimbo, and his hat cocked a little on one side, he at once fired off the whole of an English version of the second elegy of Propertius:—

Why dost thou, dear life, thus adorn thy hair?  
Why that flutt'ring Coan garment wear?

Why upon thy head pouring Syrian scent,  
 Sell thyself with foreign ornament?  
 Why with purchas'd charms thus thine own oppress,  
 Spoiling thus thy native loveliness?  
 Cupid—naked boy!—Cupid doth not love  
 Those who seek their beauty to improve.  
 See the ground, untill'd, varied hues disclose,  
 Mark the ivy without culture grows;  
 Loveliest is the shrub in the mountain-dell;  
 Streams o'er rugged paths can ripple well;  
 O'er the glitt'ring shore gems are freely flung;  
 Songs by birds untaught are sweetly sung.  
 Jove's great twins could sweet Hilaria please,  
 And bright Phœbe, the Leucippides.  
 Young Marpessa's love glowing Phœbus sought,  
 And with burly Idas fiercely fought,  
 Near the river's bank, where her father died—  
 Think'st thou on their dress those maids relied?  
 Painted not was Hippodameia's face  
 When she lur'd her Pelops to the race,  
 Where he won a bride with victory  
 (In Apelles' girls the hue we see).  
 These sought not the love of a flatter'ing crowd,  
 Of modest beauty they were amply proud.  
 She, who pleases one, is adorned the best,  
 And I am not viler than the rest.  
 Thee Apollo crowns with the gift of song,  
 To thee Aonian music doth belong;  
 Sparkling gems of wit decorate thy speech,  
 Thou hast all that Pallas' self can teach,  
 Or Venus' self can grant: and so thou chainest me,  
 Spoil not all with needless luxury!

The above infiction having come to an end, much to the relief of Pantagruel and Epistemon, Panurge proceeded: "And now, how art thou, most worshipful of masters? and thou most detestable of companions?—also, John the Blond—in short, how are ye all, *mes bons averlans*? I have something to tell ye that will provoke more mirth than an Easter burlesque—which, by the way, is not saying much. Listen, attend, and be edified."

Hereupon Pantagruel and Epistemon assumed an attitude of the deepest attention, each placing his two fists so as to make a sort of tower on the table, resting his chin on the one that was above, and compressing his lips to the utmost. John, on the other hand, kept his mouth wide open, as though wisdom was rather imbibed by the gullet than by the ears—an hypothesis by no means untenable, when we consider the number of dull dogs, who become so many jets of wit and learning as soon as their intellects have been bathed and refreshed by distilled liquids.

Clearing his throat, with much pomp, Panurge began thus: "There is what they call leads"—

"Now, by the sausages of Bigorre, Longaulnay, la Bresse, and Ronargue, whereon my grandfather Grandgousier used largely to feed," said Pantagruel, "that is the vilest beginning of a discourse I ever heard."

"There is what they call leads!" ejaculated Epistemon, with disgust written on his face; "I faith I hold thy verse in the greatest contempt, but it is a thing of surpassing beauty, a perfect chrysolite, when I compare it to thy prose. Thou makest a pretty hash of Propertius; body o' me! what would'st thou effect didst thou undertake the translation of Tully? Read the *Theatrical Journal* I say, man—read the *Theatrical Journal*, and improve thy style."

"But," argued Panurge, "if I said balcony I should be wrong!"

"Then abstain therefrom," said Pantagruel. "Who the devil wants thee to say balcony?"

"It is a word," remarked Epistemon, "that affordeth no particular joy to the ear."

"Seeing," persisted Panurge, "that it is not a balcony, but only a leads."

"A leads!" shouted Pantagruel and Epistemon in a common chord of indignation.

"Pardon, me, gentlemen," observed John the waiter, stepping forward with great humility, "but I think that 'a leads' is quite right. We often say in our business that a party has taken a wine-vaults; so I don't see why another party mayn't walk upon a leads."

"Thou hast high authority in thy favour, Master Panurge," said Pantagruel. "Proceed."

"Well," resumed Panurge, "I found myself this evening on the leads of a large house, where I could stroll at my ease, and peep through the windows of the first-floor."

"They call that eaves-dropping," observed Epistemon sternly.

"Do they? Then they call it wrong," pertly rejoined Panurge, "for there was no dropping and there were no eaves. Now, in one of the rooms, Amphitryon was giving a dinner to divers high and honourable persons. I should forewarn thee that there is not in the world a better or more good-natured fellow than this same Amphitryon, nor any one who more delighteth to scatter joy and contentment around him. Hence, though he is a man deservedly prosperous, his prosperity is a cause rather of rejoicing than of envy, which in this unloving world is saying a great deal."

"I know whom thou meanest," said Pantagruel, "and truly I wish him success in his new undertaking." With these words he raised his tumbler to his lips, in which action he was imitated by Epistemon.

"Well, there was Amphitryon at the head of the table," continued Panurge, "and there were the three Anabaptists, and there was Septimius Acer, and there was the Mingrelian Ambassador, and there was Lud the son of Porrex."

"A goodly society in truth," said Pantagruel, with great admiration.

"And goodly viands were set before them," replied Panurge, licking his lips. "I verily believe I should have been tempted to burst through the window, and partake, uninvited, of the repast, had I not armed myself against the unruly solicitations of appetite, by filling my pockets with periwinkles."

"I have often thought," observed Epistemon, "that the periwinkle was given to us as a fortress against the intrusion of carnal affections. For, look ye, your periwinkle may not be irreverently and carelessly devoured. Held firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, it must be coaxed craftily yet resolutely from the recesses of its shell; for it is a retiring creature, and often, by its very coyness, eludeth the vigilance of the dainty. I have seen a student of the Green-coat school—a promising student, too—throw away two or even three periwinkle-shells on the supposition that they were empty, whereas, as I myself afterwards discovered, to my own infinite profit and enjoyment, the periwinkles had merely withdrawn themselves from the reach of his weapon. Nor, when thou hast removed that little particle of shell, that is so uninviting to the eye, and firmly lodged thy harpoon in the head of the fish, or as G. H. Lewes would call it, the mollusc, is thy reason for solicitude at an end. If, intoxicated with the pride of thy victory, thou drawest out the prize with a sudden jerk, ten to one but thou securest the head only, which is a tough flavourless morsel, and leavest behind the tail which is a feast for Apicius."

"Ay," interposed John, approvingly, smacking his lips, and winking with the air of a profound connoisseur.

"As I said before," continued Epistemon, "the periwinkle must be coaxed craftily yet resolutely from its shell. Hence, when you learn that a man is a great eater of periwinkles, you may infer that he is also a man of purpose and circumspection. It is clear that the intricate process I have essayed to describe, demands that mental abstraction which renders extremely difficult the intrusion of irrelevant desires. Therefore, were I a painter—which, thank heaven, I am not, for your great painter is the most obtuse of mortals—and did I take for my subject the Temptation of Saint Antony, I would certainly represent that great ascetic extracting a periwinkle with a pin. Moreover—"

"Shut up thy d—d twaddle, and let him get on with his story!" thundered Pantagruel, with such vehemence that Epistemon shrank into the semblance of the mollusc whereon he had been discoursing.

"Well," proceeded Panurge, "before the party had got through the first course, poor Amphitryon felt so much indisposed that he quitted the room,—"

[Here Pantagruel and Epistemon both groaned with sympathy.]

"—leaving the party in a strange state of anarchy—for the Mingrelian Ambassador could only discourse in one of the Caucasian dialects—the three Anabaptists talked exclusively to one another, indulging in bursts of mirth, expressive of no hilarity but their own—and Lud, the son of Porrex, was neither versed in Caucasian lore, nor had he been initiated into Anabaptistic mysteries. Therefore you may conceive that the departure of Amphitryon was as the removal of the sun from the solar system—a removal that would not only cause darkness, but destroy that centripetal attraction which binds the system together. Truly I was affected almost to weeping, when I saw the Mingrelian Ambassador and Lud, the son of Porrex, sitting opposite to each other, full of high thoughts and sublime aspirations, and yet wholly unable to exchange them because they had neither community of speech nor philanthropic dragoman to hurl down the barrier by which they were separated."

"Aye," said Epistemon, "as Montaigne remarketh, 'Nous sommes mieulx en la compagnie d'un chien cogneu, qu'en celle d'un homme duquel le langage nous est incogneu.'"

"That is going too far," said Panurge; "for as I have said before, the food and the drink were of the best, in every way worthy of the known hospitality of Amphitryon, and he who could not talk might solace himself with his plate and his glass. But to proceed; one of the Anabaptists, prompted by ambition, seized for a while on the throne left vacant by the departure of Amphitryon, yet so little pleasure did he find in the task of government, that he also retired, though all were perfectly content with his sway, and there was not the remotest prospect of a revolution. Afterwards departed Lud, the son of Porrex, having discoursed with no living soul, but having remained immersed in his own meditations on the instability of human governments. Then departed the Mingrelian Ambassador, whereupon the two remaining Anabaptists, refreshing themselves anew with costly drinks and expensive cigars, discoursed at such amazing length about the Eleusinian mysteries and the deities of Samothrace, that Septimius Acer, who is of a smart and lively temperament, wished them at all the devils. While things were in this state, an orange flew out of an adjoining window and hit me so smartly upon the head that I fell from the leads into the street, whereby my power of observation was brought to an end, and I betook myself hitherto."

"Good," exclaimed Pantagruel, "thy very dull and pointless tale, which I thank the gods, has reached its conclusion, showeth how thou hast passed the present evening. But what hast thou done with thyself since the moment when I first, in my just indignation, hurled thee from the window, encased in a terrestrial globe?"

"Ah! my master," said Panurge, with a heavy sigh, "thou referrest to a wonderful and sublime secret whereon there should be no light discourse. What I thought and what befell me while I was shut up in that strange sphere, and how I got out of it, shall be told in some secret place, to which the ears of the profane have no access. Truly thou hast not heard anything so pregnant with deep meaning, since the date of those incidents that were embodied by Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards in the *Goose with the Golden Eggs*."

WE have not, for years, written an article on that once favourite subject the decline of the drama, and we have a great mind to write one now. The theories about the said decline are of course well known, but so are plenty of other things that are reproduced from time to time in the newspapers. A few authors who can always get their pieces accepted, a few actors who are never without an engagement, a few successful managers (there are not many) settle the question by saying that there has been no decline at all, and remind us that a large proportion of our dramatists have always gone to foreign sources for their plots; and that even in the days of Kean and Kemble spectacular pieces, and of a very absurd kind, drew more money than the finest tragedies of Shakspeare. Then, the decline being admitted, there is the pleasant dispute as to whether we might not reasonably expect to have a higher class of dramatists if we had better actors, or rather better companies of actors; or whether it is not simply because we have no great dramatic authors that our players find it impossible to interest the public in the higher kind of drama. Moreover, there is the lateness of the modern dinner-hour to be considered, which, if it scarcely allows the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera to get to their boxes by half-past eight without rendering them liable to an attack of indigestion, would not permit the same class of persons to reach the Haymarket Theatre at seven except on condition of going there with empty stomachs. Again, if we proposed to write an article on the present state of the drama in England, we should have to say something about the superior attractiveness of opera as compared with all other theatrical entertainments, and we should probably point out to the reader that the three largest playhouses in London are at the present moment devoted to operatic performances. Perhaps, too, we should reply, by anticipation, to a curious fiction invented a few years since about the revival of the British Stage at the large theatres of Whitechapel and Shoreditch, and the advent of theatrical stars from the East-end; and we should show that there, also, the drama has already found a formidable rival in Opera and that at the Pavilion and the Standard the works of English and even of Italian composers have been presented with remarkable success.

Having agreed with our readers as to the fact that opera finds more and the drama fewer patrons every year, we should inquire into the causes thereof; and one of these, which lies on the surface, we will now proceed in a straightforward way, and in as few words as possible, to indicate. It is simply this: At the Opera two tenors and two prima donnas, each and all of the highest preten-



sions, and of genuine merit, consent without hesitation, and, as a matter of course, to appear in the same work; whereas at a dramatic theatre two tragic actors or two tragic actresses could not, under any circumstances, be induced to appear together in the same play. At the opera this truly artistic principle appears to be recognised—that in a masterpiece, such as *Don Giovanni* for instance, no part is great or small, but that all are admirable and worthy of being impersonated by singers of the highest genius. If actors would also understand this, anyone who was present at the performance given a fortnight since at Covent Garden for the benefit of the Dramatic College must feel that there would be no difficulty in arranging such perfect representatives of our finest plays that the trouble would be not to fill the theatre at which they took place, but simply to find places for the audience. Whatever may be the true cause or causes of the decline of the drama, we have to thank Messrs. Sams, Creswick and Jerwood, for proving very clearly, by the number of excellent performers they succeeded in bringing together within the walls of Covent Garden, that it at all events cannot be attributed to a sheer want of histrionic talent.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with a very different aspect from that which it presented during the temporary reign of English Opera. Indeed, two theatres could hardly offer more distinct appearances than Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, and Covent Garden under Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The opera was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to use the English title; *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, the French; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio*, the Italian. Last year, *Dinorah* brought the season to a triumphant conclusion, and having been given six times only was no doubt looked for by the subscribers and the public, more especially as Madame Miolan-Carvalho was again to be the heroine. The cast differed from that of last year in two important instances—M. Faure filling the part of Hoel (*vice* Signor Graziani), and Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia that of the male Goatherd (*vice* Madame Nantier-Didiée). M. Faure was an improvement; not so, Mdlle. Sylvia.

M. Faure, who succeeded M. Battaille at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, as Peters in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, speedily won the favour of the public. So satisfied was Meyerbeer, that he wrote the part of Hoel expressly for M. Faure, who more than confirmed the impression made by his previous impersonation. Italian barytones being scarce, the director of the Royal Italian Opera was naturally anxious to secure the services of so admirable an actor and singer, to strengthen the cast of a work which was so eminently successful last season. Mr. Gye engaged M. Faure not merely for Hoel, but to undertake the repertory never officially represented since Tamburini abandoned the stage. That the French barytone is an accomplished artist there is no question. His voice, powerful and of unusual compass, is equally telling throughout its register. His expression is intense and varied, and his method undeniably good. He is, indeed, a greater master of his resources than most singers of his class; his shake is admirable, and his facility equal to all demands. If M. Faure's voice has not the sympathetic quality of Signor Graziani's, it is more than counterbalanced by superior acquirements as a singer and actor. A more striking performance than that of M. Faure, in Hoel, we have not witnessed a long time on the operatic stage. If we desired to be hypercritical, we might adduce an occasional tendency to exaggeration—as in the romance, "Sei vendicata assai"—which, after all, belongs to the school rather than to the singer individually.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is more admirable than ever in *Dinorah*; more vocally finished—the result of having made herself mistress of the acoustic properties of the house, and

adapting her voice to its requirements, and as histrionically perfect—(she could not be more perfect). There is no need to describe Mad. Carvalho's performance in detail. Enough that all the old points were given with the same facility and the waltz movement of the "Shadow Song" (magnificently executed) was encored with acclamations.

The new contralto, Mdlle. Giudita Sylvia, was evidently too nervous to do herself justice. That she possesses a good voice, we believe; but beyond this we can say nothing. Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing.

Another new singer, Mdlle. Ruppazini, who was announced for the female Goat-herd—Mdlle. Marai's part last season—not having put in an appearance, the duet, "Sui prati tutt' in fiori," in the last act, was omitted, by no means an improvement; while the "Pater noster" was utterly ruined by the inefficiency of two chorus singers, to whom were allotted the parts sustained last season by Mdlle. Marai and Madame Nantier-Didiée. Signor Tagliafico was never at his ease in the hunter's song, while Signor Neri-Baraldi was less successful than formerly in that of the Mower. But these and worse drawbacks would have been more than atoned for by the excellence of the rest, not forgetting the absolute perfection of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction.

*Dinorah* was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night; and on Thursday next Mdlle. Rosa Czillag makes her first appearance as Leonora in *Fidelio*.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Haymarket opera re-opened on Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith. Great changes and improvements have taken place in the old house. For six weeks more than fifty workmen have been employed in renovating and decorating it inside and out, a description of the result of whose labours will be found in another column.

The season was inaugurated with *Marta and Fleur des Champs*. The cast of the opera, with one exception (Madame Lemaire for Madame Borchardt), was the same as last year at Drury Lane—Mdlle. Titens being Lady Henrietta; Signor Giuglini, Lionel; Signor Violetti, Plumket; and Signor Castelli, Lord Tristan. The performance was greatly superior to that of last year, owing entirely to the improved quality of band and chorus, with Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove heading the violins. Mdlle. Titens sang magnificently, but Signor Giuglini was afflicted with sore throat and could with difficulty finish the part. Madame Lemaire gave the music of Nancy most carefully. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement, warmed towards the end, and when the curtain descended the singers were summoned, and a call was raised for Mr. Smith, who, however, did not obey the summons.

In the *divertissement*, the goddess was Mdlle. Pocchini, one of the most favoured daughters of Terpsichore—the last, not lost, Pleiad. With such a dancer there is a chance of resuscitating the ballet, but the new lessee does not seem inclined to turn his attention that way—or will not see that farther "steps" be taken.

On Thursday, *La Favorita* was given, with Madame Borghi-Mamo as Leonora, and Signor Everardi as Alfonso—the first appearance of both in England—Signor Mongini being Fernando (*vice* Signor Giuglini, indisposed), and Signor Violetti, Balassaré. At present it will be sufficient to state that the newcomers were eminently successful, the lady worthily supporting the high reputation she enjoys abroad, and the gentleman proving himself one of the most accomplished barytone basses who has been heard for years in this country. Signor Everardi's voice is of fine quality (pure Italian quality, be it understood, although he is, properly speaking, a Belgian), powerful and flexible—one of those *Rossinian* voices, in short, so rare of late. His style and method are in the best school, his taste and expression undeniable. Add to the foregoing a good stage face and figure, and it cannot be denied that Signor Everardi is likely to prove a valuable acquisition. Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, of great compass, fine clear tone, and flexibility only surpassed by Madame Alboni. A thorough artist, and a genuine Italian

singer, Madame Borghi-Mamo knows how to make the best of her means, exceptional as in many respects they are. Signor Mongini surprised everyone in Fernando, a part which many anticipated would not suit his vigorous style. He sang finely throughout and with exceeding judgment, never once indulging in those vociferous outbursts hitherto the bane of his performances, and which have often neutralized the effect so splendid a voice must otherwise inevitably produce. His most striking display on Thursday night was the *romanza*, "Spirto gentil," which was encored with enthusiasm. Signor Vialletti gave the music of Balthazar with power and judgment. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, thoroughly efficient, although some addition to the strength of the violins and other stringed instruments, to make head against the overwhelming power of the brass, was generally pronounced advisable.

The *divertissement* in the third act was graced by the presence of Mdle. Pocchini, who executed a *pas de deux* with M. Durand, producing a sensation that we hardly believed it was in the power of any dancer now-a-days to create, and recalling to the "*habitués*" the grace, ease, finish and irresistible *naturalness* of Carlotta Grisi. One of her "*steps*" (*pas*?)—the prettiest that could be imagined, and danced to perfection—was encored and repeated, although Mdle. Pocchini abstained from accepting the compliment as long as she could gracefully persist.

To-night *Il Trovatore* will be performed with Mdle. Titiens, Mdme. Borghi-Mamo, Signora Giuglini, Aldighieri and Vialletti.

#### ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

In the first place, commencing with the basement story, the walls in the vestibules and stone-hall are almost entirely covered with looking-glasses, which extend from floor to ceiling, and multiply objects all round, *ad infinitum*. The old desk, behind which for so many years sat Mr. Nugent, dispensing favour and courtesies, has been removed, and makes way for a monster mirror. The walls, where it was found impossible to place reflectors, are covered with paper of a crimson and gold pattern; and the pillars and pilasters are painted to resemble Scagliola marble. Over the entrance to the pit from the stone-hall (glass-hall, it should be called now), the Royal Arms are placed in gold, although it is not, therefore, to be imagined that Her Most Gracious Majesty has any idea of entering the theatre by that door. Magnificent carpets in velvet pile stretch over the floors in every direction, and cover the stone staircases. The balustrade is painted deep ultramarine blue, the ornaments picked out with gold, and the hand-rails are covered with crimson Utrecht velvet, deeply fringed and fastened on with gilt nails. Ascending from the stone-hall by the grand western staircase, the eye is arrested by a large vase filled with aquatic plants in flower, and surmounted by a figure of Autumn. From the centre of the vase a jet of water plays, and the figure holds in its hand a bunch of fruit with gas-lights shining through them. The greatest change of all has taken place in the crush rooms. On all sides, as below stairs, the huge looking-glasses prevail; but the spaces between them and the doors, where no mirrors could be fixed, are papered in pure white and gold—the pattern, a white ground with the *fleur-de-lis* in gold, between gold squares. In the centre-room—the round-room, or crush-room, *par excellence*—the ceiling is painted light-blue, interspersed with gold stars. In the other rooms the ceilings are plain, with wreaths of flowers painted on the borders. The chairs are gilt, covered with maroon velvet, and the carpets, as down stairs, of the richest pile velvet. The candelabra, by which the entrances and crush-rooms are lighted, are extremely brilliant and tasteful, and are so numerous as to create a perfect illumination in the interior, aided, to a great extent, by the mirrors which flash back every jet a hundred-fold, magnifying the lights no less than multiplying objects. The corridors, or lobbies, are laid out with equal elegance and splendour. The walls, as in the crush-rooms, are papered in white and gold, but being for the greater part lined with looking glass, the white and gold paper is principally observable on the exterior of the boxes. The lighting here proceeds from golden cupids standing on golden pedestals, placed equidistantly along the lobbies, which have also in the most convenient spaces couches covered in figured crimson satin. The boxes are newly lined with figured chintz, excepting that of Her Majesty, Lord Dudley and some of the subscribers, who have followed their individual tastes in the ornamentation and furniture. The royal box is lined with white

silk with a large satin stripe in pale blue. The interior before the curtain—with the exception that everything has been cleansed and freshened up, the great chandelier, more particularly, undergoing a thorough purification—remains precisely as in the halcyon days of the Lumleyan management. Stay—we are wrong—there is a change, and a great change, effected. The stalls no longer rejoice in the old-fashioned leather-covered chairs, but give place to modern couches in crimson satin figured. Some optimists in colours object to the contrast between the crimson couches and amber curtains; while others insist that the contrast is a striking feature in the aspect of the house. All we can say about this affair is, that we do not deem it of the least importance, since, when the people are seated in the stalls, little or none of the crimson is seen. The outside of the theatre has been newly painted, and eleven huge lamps in gilt frames, surmounted with the crown, are suspended between the pillars in the Haymarket front, and quite illuminate the whole neighbourhood. The private entrance to the Queen's Box is magnificent. The walls are covered with the richest tapestried satin, the floor spread with a thick velvet pile carpet, and the whole way lighted with a series of brilliant candelabra.

DRURY LANE.—A new English operatic company, under the direction of Dr. James Pech, commenced a series of performances on Monday evening, with Mr. Vincent Wallace's popular opera *Maritana*. The cast included Miss Dyer as the heroine; Miss Emma Heywood, Lazarillo; Mr. Henry Haigh, Don Cesar de Bazan; Mr. Borran, the King of Spain; and Mr. Charles Durand, Don José. The performance was received with uproarious applause by a crowded audience, and all the favourite *morceaux*—no less than five—were encored. The band is efficient, numbering about fifty players, and the chorus tolerably good. Miss Emma Heywood promises to become an acquisition. Miss Dyer has recommendations sufficient to entitle the public to demand why she is not often heard in public; and Mr. Henry Haigh may be left to his antecedents without any danger of his suffering therefrom. Should the speculation succeed, we may look forward to the production of some novelties, among which Halévy's *Three Musketeers*.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—These popular "entertainers" continue their performances with unabated success. On Thursday evening a new song was introduced by Mr. J. W. Raynor, entitled, "Come back, Annie." The poetry and music, by Messrs. John Oxenford and J. L. Hatton, were written expressly for the Christy's Minstrels, and appear admirably adapted for their style of entertainment. "Come back, Annie," was redemanded tumultuously, and is announced for repetition every evening.

#### CONCERTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Easter Monday being essentially a "popular" and English holiday, the directors merely chose a selection from native composers for the gratification of those who resorted to St. James's Hall for their evening's amusement. The large room was crowded by an audience attentive and appreciative as ever, the only feature in which it differed from the ordinary audiences being the prevalence of encores, no less than seven being awarded in a short space of time. The pieces thus honoured were Mr. Henry Smart's charming song (charmingly sung by Mr. Sims Reeves) from *Bertha*, "In vain I would forget thee;" Mr. J. W. Davidson's setting of Shelley's words, "Rough wind that moanest loud," admirably rendered by Mr. Santley; the madrigal from Macfarren's opera of *King Charles the Second*, "Maidens, would ye 'scape undoing" (Mr. Desmond Ryan's words); Horsley's glee, "By Celia's arbour" (both given to perfection by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land); and Mr. Balfe's song, "Lovely maiden," belonging to the opera of the *Rose of Castille*, although generally omitted at the performance, sung by Mr. Reeves in his best style. Miss Eyles did ample justice to a beautiful song by G. A. Osborne, "The dew-drop and the rose," a composition likely to find favour equally in the drawing-room as the concert-hall. In addition to these were given—by Mr. Reeves, a new and graceful song of J. L. Hatton's, "I wander by my dear one's door each night"—Mr. Vincent

Wallace's quaint and exquisite "Bellringer," capably given by Mr. Santley (and also encored by the way)—a true "old English ditty," from Mr. Chappell's "inexhaustible selection," "Near Woodstock Town," admirably rendered by Miss Eyles (again also encored, by the way), and Bishop's well-known glee, "Blow, gentle gales." Quite a feast of English vocal music.

The instrumental programme included one exception to the native names—Dussek's Sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin (No. 1 of *The Monday Popular Concert Library*)—which brought the first part to a brilliant conclusion, played as it was by Messrs. Sainton and Lindsay Sloper with the consummate talent for which they are remarkable. Alfred Mellon's Quartet in G major is too seldom heard, and the satisfaction it afforded on Monday, when performed so irreproachably by Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Doyle, and Piatti, will probably induce its clever composer to resume his pen, and afford us another "taste of his quality" in similar productions. Mr. Macfarren's fine Trio in E, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, drew forth marked applause, due no less to the beauty of the music than to the perfect manner in which it was played by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, Sainton, and Piatti. The first-named gentleman also won more laurels by his performance of Sterndale Bennett's delicious *sketches*, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain," refreshing to hear after the fantasias and variations with which we were formerly regaled at concerts denominated "popular"—a term bearing a widely different interpretation when applied to these at St. James's Hall, which have now fairly assumed the importance so justly their due, and become as much an "institution" as the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies themselves.

Monday, the 23rd inst., will be devoted to the benefit of Mr. Sims Reeves, who has contributed in no small degree to the success of the Monday Popular Concerts by the unvarying excellence of his singing. Mr. Reeves is never so much at home as in the thoroughly good music which characterises these performances. Mrs. Reeves, Md. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Arabella Goddard, &c., contribute their valuable services.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—If the bad weather and the fast days last week precluded a great attendance at the Piccolomini Festivals, the public took their revenge on Good Friday. Upwards of thirty-seven thousand "shilling" visitors assembled at the Crystal Palace on that day, and, of course, not one in a hundred could hear the music. Fortunately there are innumerable attractions within and without the building, and no complaint was made. On Saturday, the half-crown day, there was close on six thousand. Large audiences also congregated on Monday and Tuesday, although on the Monday the weather was miserable. To-day Mdlle. Piccolomini will sing for the last time at the Crystal Palace, and no doubt attracts a large and brilliant attendance.

**LONDON QUINTET UNION CONCERTS.**—The series of four concerts by the practised musicians who form this Association was brought to a close on Wednesday last. The talent of the players was called into requisition four times, in the compositions respectively by Spohr, Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, and Onslow. The work of Spohr was Op. 3,—ottet in E, for stringed quintets, clarinet, and two horns. A genuine specimen of one of the greatest masters of instrumentation we have ever had amongst us, the Union (assisted by Messrs. Charles Harper and Mann), played it evidently *con amore*. Beethoven was characteristically represented, at least in his early manner, by the trio in B flat, Op. 11, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello; and the *allegro* from Onslow's quintet, Op. 25, in C, ended the concert. The evening's entertainment lay chiefly in the work of Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett. One of his early writings (Op. 8, sestet for stringed quintet and pianoforte), produced twenty-four years ago, it is neither an exhibition, work of precocity, nor merely of promise, but the achievement of one who having gathered quickly yet surely the experience of those who preceded him, placed before his auditors the composition at once of a brilliant and original genius, and of an accomplished and scholarly student. The pianist of the evening was Miss Arabella Goddard, who has so frequently and so admirably played Dr. Bennett's writings in public, at home and abroad.

The difficulties of the pianoforte part in the sestet are as nothing to this lady, who plays everything from the Op. 106 of Beethoven downwards, with perfect ease, grace, and brilliancy. In the trio of Beethoven she was equally successful, and in an equal degree elicited the enthusiastic sympathies of her audience. The vocal music was divided between Miss Banks, a lady with a voice of exquisite quality and great flexibility, and Miss Lascelles, who rejoices in an organ of considerable richness and power, but whose production of tone in the lower notes is occasionally somewhat infelicitous. The former sang "L'amor suo" (*Roberto Devereux*) and a "chanson" of Pauseron ("Tyrol") with clarinet *obbligato*, which was given to admiration by Mr. Maycock, one of our most accomplished professors, and whose execution of the difficult part in the trio of Beethoven was no less irreproachable. Miss Lascelles exhibited "Il sogno" (Mercadante), and "The Reaper and the Flowers" (Balfe). The violoncello to the former song showed Mr. Pettit's power of *cantabile* in a favourable manner. Mr. Willy, whose violin playing has been the constant theme of admiration, deserves the highest credit for his management of this interesting series of concerts.

### MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

We have before us a list of the stops of the new organ building for the Cathedral by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester. The number of sounding stops, it will be seen, is forty-one, which will, of course, be voiced up so as to tell sufficiently in so large a building; but the comparatively small number of stops will place the instrument in a much lower rank than we should have liked the organ of our Cathedral to occupy. In our own city, which possesses so few specimens of first-class instruments, it will rank only third, those at St. Peter's Church and Holy Trinity both preceding it. To enable our readers to form a comparison for themselves between the two instruments, we subjoin the contents of the new organ side-by-side with those of the organ built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, in St. Peter's Church. As some alterations have been made in the latter instrument since the opening, when we gave a full description of it, we have obtained a correct list of the stops already finished and now in the organ, omitting those which are intended to form the solo organ of four stops, comprising reeds and harmonic flutes, &c., on a high pressure of wind, as they have not yet been completed. The compass and number of the manuals and pedals is the same in both organs.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.		THE CATHEDRAL.	
GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.		GREAT ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Double open diapason	... 16ft.	Double stopped diapason	16ft.
Flute harmonique	... 8ft.	Clarabella	... 8ft.
Open diapason	... 8ft.	Open diapason	... 8ft.
Viola d'amour	... 8ft.	Open diapason	... 8ft.
Gamba	... 8ft.	Gamba	... 1ft.
Stopped diapason	... 8ft.	Stopped diapason	... 8ft.
Quint	... 5½ft.		
Principal	... 4ft.	Principal	... 4ft.
Flute harmonique	... 4ft.	Principal	... 4ft.
Clear flute	... 4ft.		
Twelfth	... 2½ft.	Twelfth	... 2½ft.
Fifteenth	... 2ft.	Fifteenth	... 2ft.
Full mixture, 5 ranks		Tierce, larigot, mixture, 5 ranks	
Sharp mixture, 4 ranks		Sharp mixture, 3 ranks	
Double trumpet	... 16ft.		
Trompette harmonique	... 8ft.	Trumpet	... 8ft.
Clarion	... 4ft.	Clarion	... 4ft.
SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.		SWELL ORGAN—CC TO G.	
Bourdon	... 16ft.	{ Bourdon (bass) }	... 16ft.
Open diapason	... 8ft.	{ Dulciana (treble) }	... 8ft.
Hohl-flöte (throughout)	8ft.	Open diapason	... 8ft.
Stopped diapason	... 8ft.	Viol di gamba (to tenor C)	8ft.
Principal	... 4ft.	Stopped diapason	... 8ft.
Gedact-flöte	... 4ft.	Octave	... 4ft.
Twelfth	... 2½ft.	Suabe flute	... 4ft.
Fifteenth	... 2ft.	Super octave	... 2ft.



Clear mixture, 5 ranks		Sesquialtera, 3 ranks	
Trombone ...	16ft.	Trumpet ...	8ft.
Cornopean ...	8ft.	Hautboy ...	8ft.
Hautboy ...	8ft.	Clarion ...	4ft.
Cor anglais ...	8ft.		
Clarion ...	4ft.		
CHOIR ORGAN—CC to G.			
Bourdon ...	16ft.	Clavabella (wood) ...	8ft.
Spitz-flöte (métal) ...	8ft.	Dulciana ...	8ft.
Dulciana ...	8ft.	Viol di gamba ...	8ft.
Viol di gamba ...	8ft.		
Voix célestes ...	8ft.	Stopped diapason ...	8ft.
Gedact ...	8ft.	Gamba ...	4ft.
Gemshorn ...	4ft.	Stopped flute ...	4ft.
Flauto-traverso ...	4ft.		
Rohr-flöte ...	4ft.	Piccolo ...	2ft.
Fifteenth ...	2ft.		
Mixture, 4 ranks			
Contra-fagotto and bassoon	16ft.	Krumhorn ...	8ft.
Clarionet ...	8ft.	Grand ophicleide (on high pressure) ...	8ft.
PEDAL ORGAN—CC to F.			
Sub-bass ...	32ft.	Principal (wood) ...	16ft.
Montre (metal) ...	16ft.	Violon ...	16ft.
Violon ...	16ft.	Bourdon ...	16ft.
Stopped diapason ...	16ft.		
Grosse quint ...	10½ft.	Octave ...	8ft.
Principal ...	8ft.		
Violoncello ...	8ft.		
Twelfth ...	5½ft.		
Fifteenth ...	4ft.		
Posaune ...	16ft.	Trombone ...	16ft.
Trumpet ...	8ft.		

From the above lists we calculate the new organ at the Cathedral to contain 2,466 pipes, and St. Peter's 3,578 pipes. The number of pipes in itself, however, does not always afford a fair estimate of the value of an organ, as the smaller pipes can be easily multiplied at comparatively little cost, and at the same time without adding to the weight or dignity of the instrument. In the present instance St. Peter's organ has not only the superiority in point of numbers, but this numerical excess of 1,112 pipes is in fair proportion obtained by the larger, more important, and more expensive 32, 16, and 8 feet foundation stops.

## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 4th.

LAST week the Italian opera gave us a "revival," in the shape of Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. It is now thirty-seven years since it has been played here, and it is said that it is against Meyerbeer's advice that it is revived now. It was brought out when Rossini was manager of the Opera here, and Meyerbeer, who was then unknown, and of course nervous and doubtful, as to his success with the Parisian world, told Rossini it would be a failure. Rossini replied it would be a success, and bet him five hundred francs about it. Meyerbeer accepted the bet; and, as the piece proved successful, was no doubt only too happy to pay. This work, belonging quite to the youth of Meyerbeer, and framed almost mechanically on the Italian model, with pieces composed invariably of an *adagio*, then an *allegro*, *cavatina*s and airs *d'obbligo*, and *rondos*, with all the usual concomitants of *foritur*as and *cabalett*as, so different to his present style, still gives a slight foretaste of the genius that was one day to give us the *Huguenots*; and there are also some very striking airs; the song of the "Crociato" is one, and the well-known trio for female voices, and in which the principal *motif non fidarti o giosin* cor recalls the music of Bellini, are among the rest. The finale of the first act is very fine, and in the last the death-song, sang by Merly and the chorus, are also remarkable. Mad. Borghi-Mamo performed the part of the Crociato, and Mad. Penco, Albani, Signors Merly and Angelini filled the remaining principal parts; but, notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, the revival has not been met with any monstrous enthusiasm. At the Grand-Opéra,

*Pierre de Medicis* has been alternated with a performance of the *Huguenots*, Mad. C. Bartot filling the part of Valentine, Gueymard and Obin Raoul and Marcel. The Opéra-Comique, finding old pieces answer so well, contentedly keeps to them. The Théâtre-Lyrique, however, has brought out a comic opera in five acts, a thing almost unheard of, Mozart being nearly the only one who had ever brought out one so long. The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré, the music by M. Theodore Semet, and the subject is taken from some of the numerous adventures of Gil Blas. Mad. Ugalde fills the part of the hero to the great delight of the public, for whatever charm may now and then be found wanting in her voice she supplies by her animated acting, and carries the piece through triumphantly. The music is gay, sparkling and original. The least successful parts are the choruses. The best airs in the opera are, Gil Blas' drinking song, "Bacchus est le vrai médecin," the grand duo buffo of the second act, the marriage chorus, "rondo pastoral," the finale of the fourth act; but nothing is equal to the song he sings before the door of the inn where the villagers are feasting, accompanying himself with a mandoline. He is expressing the hunger he feels, and when they will not listen to him he changes his tone to diabolical menaces. The air was rapturously encored. Mesdames Faure, Moreau, Vade, MM. Wartel, Lesage, Legrand, Votel, Serene, Leroy, Gabriel, Giradot, fill the other parts. There has been some talk for the last few days of a probable change in the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Carvalho retiring, and M. C. Retz, who has been, up to the present moment, Secretary-General of the Theatre, filling his place. However, nothing is decided yet. The Bouffes-Parisiens, though like the little frog in the fable, it tries occasionally to approach the dimensions of the ox, has yet good sense enough to know at what point to stop. Its last production is a sort of field-flower, in the shape of a patois-pastoral, entitled *Daphnis and Chloé*. A pretty little actress, Mdle. Juliette Beau, débuted in it. The music is by the indefatigable M. Offenbach. In Paris some novelty must always be going on; people cannot rest on their oars here, and even now, before *Fidelio* is brought out at the theatre, they talk of an opera with much scenery by M. Charles Gounod, entitled *La Reine Balkir*. M. Gott, also—of the Théâtre-Français—has written an opera in four acts, the music by M. Mempré, under the title of *Le Moine Rouge*, though whether it is to be played or not I have not heard.

There is little new this week at the theatres. The concerts continue with unabated ardour, of which the best, the eighth and last concert of *Jeunes Artistes*, took place on the 1st. Fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* were given. "La revolte des gardes," a polonaise, "La Bal," was very good, and the bacchanal chorus from *Philemon et Baucis* was encored. And thus with all these entertainments Lent is passing—indeed has almost passed away. It certainly this year has not been a season of fasting and mortification, and the ladies of the great world have rushed with equal ardour to their church in the morning and dressed in "gorgeous array" for their ball in the evening, thinking one neutralized the other, and thus reconciling the claims of religion and of the world to their consciences in that comfortable manner only French people can. Talking of the crowding of churches, there is one thing very necessary, and that is—more church-room for the people. There is not enough for the population of Paris, and the scenes, the pushing, the rudeness and quarrelling, that take place in a crowded church here, is more fit for the crush-room of a theatre than a spot dedicated to divine worship.

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